

Good Morning 355

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon presents

STAGE, SCREEN & STUDIO

AT the age of ten, he plodded miles through Russian snow to the funeral of Tschai-kowsky. That was the first earnest tribute to music paid by Albert Coates.

It is the same with this eminent composer-conductor to-day in Hollywood, except for the wind and the snow. For once again Tschai-kowsky's music, this time running like a rich pattern through a motion picture, has evoked the same homage, set the same feet upon a similar journey.

Dr. Coates' training had been thorough. Born in St. Petersburg of English parents, he first studied the violin, then the cello, and later, composition of music. Finally, the gifted youth became the favourite pupil of Arthur Nikisch, who taught him conducting.

In his time, Albert Coates has been Court conductor by virtue of six widespread appointments, stretching from Dresden to St. Petersburg. It was at the Imperial Russian Court Opera House, where he was established for eight years, that Dr. Coates really came into his own. Moreover, he became a personal friend of the Czar.

After he had returned to London and written three operas, as well as conducted the London Symphony Orchestra, and the Royal Philharmonic, Dr. Coates returned many times to Russia, the country he knows and loves.

Recently, he was invited by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to go to Hollywood and collaborate with Herbert Stothart on the music score of "Song of Russia," the motion picture in which Robert Taylor plays an American symphony orchestra conductor.

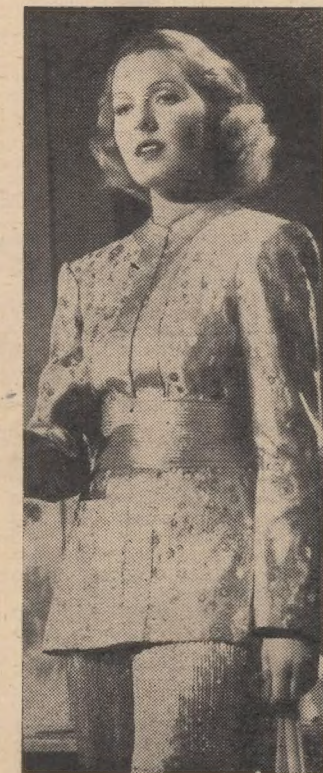
But spot news was made by Coates when suddenly it was decided that he should make his screen debut in "Song of Russia," be seen for the first time by film audiences, and also be heard playing a piano concerto.

MADELEINE CARROLL, West Bromwich-born girl who became a Hollywood film star, and who threw up Hollywood and "real dough" to work for the Red Cross, has arrived in Oran from America. Where she is going next she couldn't tell me, but a pretty safe bet is Italy.

Her sister was killed in an air raid on London in 1940. At once Madeleine Carroll persuaded Paramount to let her break her contract, which still had three years to run, and joined up, because—

"I have a debt to pay Hitler, and I'll fight him with everything I have. I can't be a soldier, but there are other ways."

Albert Coates



Lovely Jean Arthur

BELIEVING the public prepared to give a big hand to fresh screen talent, Columbia is to give distinct opportunities to screen newcomers. Already the company is finding this a paying policy.

Notable is the instance of young Ted Donaldson, who was cast with Cary Grant and Janet Blair in "Curly." Only ten years old, Ted makes his screen advent after scoring like a veteran in a Broadway stage success. Such is the account he has given of himself in "Curly" that he goes straight into a top featured role opposite Edward G. Robinson in "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," with other top spots to follow.

Then there is Pat Parrish, attractive 19-year-old co-ed, who, although she has no professional theatre experience, has been signed to a Columbia contract. She has had an intensive training, and her promise is such that she is to have a featured role in "Soldiers in Slacks," a story of women war workers.

THE weirdest piece of wardrobe ever donned by a feminine star is worn by Joan Fontaine as a lady of fashion of the 17th century in Paramount's "Frenchman's Creek."

Joan wears a pair of chicken skin gloves, and she wears them to bed!

According to research, chicken skin was considered especially fine for keeping the hands soft and white, and gloves made of the skin were usually worn at night after the hands had been rubbed with cream or some other lotion.

So in one scene, where Joan is shown at her dressing table, just before retiring, she dons the unique beauty aid.

A READER asks what manner of girl is this Jean Arthur?

Well, she was born Gladys Greene in New York City on an October 17, and once threw away a career as a language teacher in order to model for Howard Chandler Christy, which is what led up to her becoming a stage and screen actress.

The first time she came to Hollywood, a decade or so ago, she didn't have the shy complex which has since become a part of her.

When she returned to Hollywood... after... some... spirited solicitation by various studios, she was a changed girl. She laid down her terms—no interviews, no publicity stunts, no personal pictures.

She hasn't deviated from this policy since, although now and again someone does persuade her to do something not called for by the script. She retires at once to her shell.

This does not apply to all her behaviour as a hostess, it should be confided. The few people she does have to her home in Los Angeles' exclusive Brentwood section find her a most affable and engaging person—but try and get into the place unless you're one of the favoured few.

There are also the occasions when Jean, with her husband, goes to nightclubs—sometimes the swank ones with which Hollywood's Sunset Strip abounds, and now and then to some out-of-the-way jitterbug palace, where Jean, striving to be unrecognised, cavorts around with the best of them.

Jean collects bric-a-brac, music boxes, teddy bears, dolls and mutt dogs. Also symphonic albums.

She is five feet four inches tall, and weighs no more than 110 pounds, if that. Her eyes are grey-green and her hair brown, although she usually has it done a lighter shade for photographic purposes.

She would rather that biographies like this wouldn't be written about her.

Her pictures include: "Diamond Jim," "The Plainsman," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "You Can't Take It With You," and "Arizona."

P.S.—Jean has another claim to fame. She has put in more time in Washington, D.C.—on the screen that is—than any other living person. But she has really been in the capital just once a hurry-up visit in the course of her recent tour of Army camps. She took a couple of sight-seeing sailors along to peer in the Lincoln Memorial, and then bought them dinner.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

This Team always had famous Goalkeepers

JOHN ALLEN CONTINUES
"KNIGHTS OF SOCCER"

THERE is an old saying among footballers, "Goalkeepers are born, not made," and if this is the case, Liverpool, over a long period of years, have been fortunate. Few other clubs can claim such a long list of star goalkeepers, and even to-day, in George Poland, the Welsh international custodian, they have a "last-liner" with few equals in the game.

On Merseyside the fans often talk of that rare Scottish international goalkeeper, Ned Doig. Before passing on to Anfield he was a member of the "Team of all the Talents" Sunderland side, and his great agility, coupled with a wonderful sense of anticipation, made him a star member of a very great team.

When he joined Liverpool, Doig was still in the top class and gave some wonderful exhibitions in the Merseysiders' defence. What always amused the crowds so far as Ned was concerned was the way he always made sure that the cap which covered his sparsely-haired head would not fall off. He used to go to very great pains, and attached lengths of string to the cap and fastened them under his chin!

When Doig hung his boots up for the last time he was followed by Sam Hardy, considered by most to be the greatest of all goalkeepers.

Now, Sam Hardy used to surprise many fans. He was not what one would call a "flashy" player. On the contrary, I have heard people, after seeing him in action, go home and remark, "Pity Hardy didn't have many shots this afternoon. Everything that went at goal was shot straight at him."

The fact of the matter was that Sam Hardy had such wonderful anticipation that he did not have to dive about and make showy and spectacular efforts. He did his work so quietly, calmly and confidently that many thought the ball was being shot at him, when he was, in reality, bringing off a great save!

To give some insight into a forward's brain, Sam, when in training, often used to play in the forward line if scratch sides were formed. When in a certain position he knew where he would shoot—and in League, Cup and International football, if a player were in a certain spot, Sam Hardy more or less knew just where that man would shoot—and positioned himself accordingly. In all, Sam Hardy played for England on eighteen occasions against the countries of the British Isles.

When Sam Hardy moved on to guard Aston Villa's goal he was followed by Scottish international Kem Campbell. Like the man he succeeded, Campbell was a "quiet" player, but very agile and alert. There was no scoring goals with long shots when Campbell was between the "sticks," for he never once let his eyes move from the ball, even if the opposing goalkeeper were handling it!

Perhaps the best-known of all Liverpool's modern goalkeepers followed Campbell, for Irish Elisha Scott is known to almost every fan, even if they did not have the pleasure of seeing him play. Elisha, who only finished his career nine years ago, first played for Liverpool before World War One, and kept his form better than any other footballer.

He was a remarkable player, looking, and performing, in a way that amazed those who knew his age. As a matter of fact, the great Sam Hardy himself said that Elisha Scott was the best goalkeeper in the game—and who should know better than Sam!

Many years ago, when he lived in Belfast, Elisha Scott used to go fishing for tiddlers

in a tiny pond on a piece of waste ground. His brother, William, who played for Everton and Ireland, often went with him. When Elisha had grown up and become a goalkeeper, it was brother William who suggested to Liverpool that his brother might be worth a trial. It was arranged, and Elisha was immediately signed on after he had only played in one half of a trial match!

Altogether, he played for the Emerald Isle on 27 occasions. And, to make this story a little romantic, many of the "caps" were gained on the famous Windsor Park, which stands on the site of the pond where Elisha Scott, as a small boy, had gone fishing for tiddlers!

Elisha eventually lost his place in the Liverpool team—although he continued, for

Sam Hardy in Action



some time, to play for Ireland—to a tall, good-looking South African international, Arthur Riley. As lithe as a panther, Riley came to this country twenty years ago with a South African international team.

He played glorious football, as did Gordon Hodgson, a superb centre-forward. Both were signed by Liverpool, and fame went the way of goal-scorer and goal-stopper. Hodgson gained England caps, but Riley, although always "on the fringe," never quite made the grade.

George Poland, a former centre-half turned goalkeeper, as I said earlier, is carrying on the Liverpool tradition to-day, this time Liverpool's "last line" star, after Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen and a South African, being a Welshman. If any country has a star goalkeeper in the making, you can be sure Liverpool will find him!

Scottish half-backs, too, have always been a strong point with Liverpool, and Matt Busby, their left-half, and Scotland's present skipper, is an example of what I mean. Before Busby, a great array of middle-liners from the other side of the Border starred in Liverpool's red shirt. Alex Raisbeck is one of the peers. There is rather an interesting little story about this great star.

He was such a stalwart in the Liverpool side that the

club felt he deserved a larger wage—but it was against the rules to pay above the maximum. They overcame this difficulty, however, by "making" a job for Alex. He had to go around the town to see that posters advertising the matches were stuck up properly!

Tom Bradshaw, known as "Tiny" because he was one of the giants of football, cost Bury nothing when they signed him. A talent scout, holiday-making in Scotland, stopped to watch three or four lads kicking a ball about on a slack heap. A tall and weighty boy impressed by his ability to control the ball, and the "scout," sensing a "find," asked the lad if he would like to become a footballer. To his surprise, he was told the boy rarely played!

Eventually he was persuaded to go to Bury, was signed on as a professional, and became one of our greatest pivots. A natural defender, Bradshaw, by long hours of practice, also became a fine dribbler. His footwork, considering his size, was remarkable, and often a surprise for opponents.

He cost Liverpool £8,000 when they signed him in 1930, and right up till the war he was among the game's greatest "Knights." A born leader of men, and a player with natural gifts, "Tiny" Bradshaw's good work can to-day be seen in the progress made by players who had the good fortune to serve under his captaincy.

Charlie Wilson, for many years Liverpool trainer, and a great Liverpool "Knight" himself, is best remembered, strange as it may seem, as the result of a dream. In 1903, the night before he was due to play for Liverpool against Middlesbrough, Wilson dreamt that he broke his leg. "Forget it, Charlie," his team-mates said, when he mentioned the dream, "we all have dreams."

But this was a "dream with a difference," for Charlie Wilson DID break his leg that afternoon....

Fact is often stranger than fiction!

"To the Firing Squad"

THE guard still had the smile on his face, with which he accompanied and, as it were, accentuated his tale, when footsteps and a jingling of spurs were heard ascending the staircase.

The guards fell back to allow an officer to pass, who entered the cell of Cornelius at the moment when the clerk of Loevestein was still making out his report.

"Is this No. 11?" he asked. "Yes, Captain," answered a non-commissioned officer.

"Then this is the cell of the prisoner Cornelius Van Baerle?"

"Exactly, Captain."

"Where is the prisoner?"

"Here I am, sir," answered Cornelius, growing rather pale, notwithstanding all his courage.

"You are Doctor Cornelius Van Baerle?" asked he, this time addressing the prisoner himself.

"Yes, sir."

"Then follow me."

"Oh! oh!" said Cornelius, whose heart felt oppressed by the first dread of death.

"What quick work they make here in the fortress of Loevestein. And the rascal talked to me of twelve hours!"

"Ah! what did I tell you?" whispered the communicative guard into the ears of the culprit.

"A lie."

"How so?"

"You promised me twelve hours."

"Ah, yes, but here comes to you an aide-de-camp of His Highness, even one of his most intimate companions, Van Deken. Zounds! they did not grant such an honour to poor Mathias."

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 17

"Come, come!" said Cornelius, drawing a long breath. "Come, I'll show to these people that an honest burgher, godson of Cornelius De Witte, can, without finching, receive as many musket-balls as that Mathias."

Saying this, he passed proudly before the clerk, who, being interrupted in his work, ventured to say to the officer: "But, Captain Van Deken, the protocol is not yet finished."

"It is not worth while finishing it," answered the officer.

"All right," replied the clerk, philosophically putting up his paper and pen into a greasy and well-worn writing-case.

"It was written," thought poor Cornelius, "that I should not, in this world, give my name either to a child, to a flower, or to a book, the three things by which a man's memory is perpetuated."

But, repressing his melancholy thoughts, he followed the officer with a resolute heart, and carrying his head erect.

Cornelius counted the steps which led to the Esplanade, regretting that he had not asked the guard how many there were of them, which the man, in his officious complaisance, would not have failed to tell him.

What the poor prisoner was most afraid of during this walk, which he considered as leading him to the end of the journey of life, was to see Gryphus and not to see Rosa. What savage satisfaction would glisten in the eyes of the father, and what sorrow dim those of the daughter!

Indeed, the poor tulip-fancier needed all his courage and resolution not to burst into tears at the thought of the latter and of her foster-daughter, the black tulip.

Although he looked to the right and to the left, he saw neither Rosa nor Gryphus.

On reaching the Esplanade, he bravely looked about for the guards who were to be his executioners, and in reality saw a dozen soldiers assembled. But they were not standing in line, or carrying muskets, but talking together so gaily that Cornelius felt almost shocked.

All at once Gryphus, limping, staggering, and supporting himself on a crooked stick, came forth from the jailer's lodge; his old eyes, grey as those of a cat, were lit up by a gleam in which all his hatred was concentrated. He then began to pour forth such a torrent of disgusting imprecations against Cornelius that the latter, addressing the officer, said: "I do not think it very becoming, sir, that I should be thus insulted by this man, especially at a moment like this."

"Well, hear me!" said the officer, laughing. "It is quite natural that this worthy fellow should bear you a grudge—you seem to have given it him very soundly."

"But, sir, it was only in

self-defence."

"Never mind," said the Captain, shrugging his shoulders like a true philosopher, "let him talk; what does it matter to you now?"

The cold sweat stood on the brow of Cornelius at this answer, which he looked upon somewhat in the light of brutal irony, especially as coming from an officer of whom he had heard it said that he was attached to the person of the Prince.

The unfortunate tulip-fancier then felt that he had no more resources and no more friends, and resigned himself to his fate.

"God's will be done," he muttered, bowing his head; then, turning towards the officer, who seemed complacently to wait until he had finished his meditations, he asked: "Please, sir, tell me now, where am I to go?"

The officer pointed to a carriage drawn by four horses, which reminded him very strongly of that which, under similar circumstances, had before attracted his attention at the Buitenhof.

"Enter," said the officer.

"Ah!" muttered Cornelius to himself, "it seems they are not going to treat me to the honours of the Esplanade."

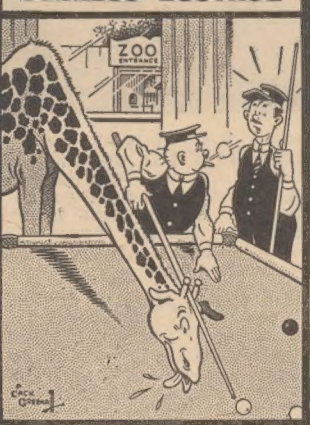
ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



BLIND COBBLER OF JERUSALEM.

It is almost like a parable out of the Bible. Here he is, the Blind Cobbler of Jerusalem, old, feeble, but still keeping at his job. He works for the poor of the city, mending their wretched shoes, patching here and there. His shop is a hovel, his food the barest necessary to keep him alive. As beggars pass him they say "Saiden," which means "Good day." He seldom raises his head. "Saiden," he mutters—and then slams another nail in for the poor.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Some fathead's mislaid the rest!"

WANGLING WORDS—301

1. Put a small boat in APCH and make it draw near.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters have been shuffled. What is it? *Revils cleanis si si chespe gondie.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change OAT into EAR and then back again into OAT, without using the same word twice.
4. What bird is hidden in the following sentence? Of all people he is most rich in worldly goods. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

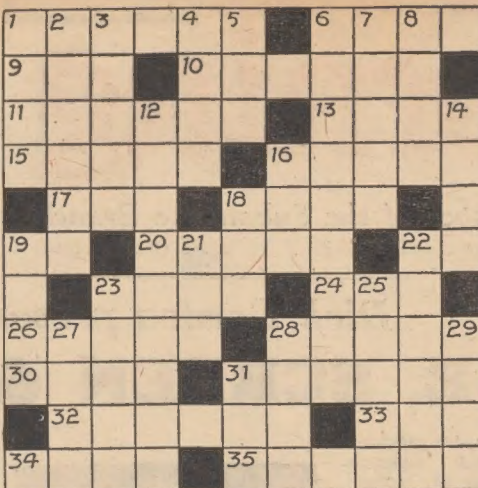
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 300

1. Drama.
2. Many—a mickle makes a muckle.
3. HAM, hag, bag, big, PIG, fig, fag, rag, ram, HAM.
4. C-or-N-W-all.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Possibility.
- 6 Clinkers.
- 9 Humble.
- 10 Out away.
- 11 Strong woman.
- 13 Train.
- 15 Idled.
- 16 Narrow view.
- 17 Sheltered.
- 18 Capacity measure.
- 19 Through.
- 20 Shatter.
- 22 Dealing with.
- 23 Carriage.
- 24 Red resin.
- 26 Jet of liquid.
- 28 First appearance.
- 30 Suspended.
- 31 Confidence.
- 32 Tuber.
- 33 Duty.
- 34 Fish.
- 35 Abandon.

RIP SHELLAC
ADAPT BOOTH
MAPLE BAG I
HEAPS FILL
HORN PRICED
A TALON S
MOP DISGUST
PROMOTE TEE
EIDER BITES
RE ENDURE T
SLUTS DERBY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Shell fish.
- 2 Discourse.
- 3 Vigilant.
- 4 Bumpkin.
- 5 Age.
- 6 Scattering device.
- 7 Any rate.
- 8 Mine entrance.
- 12 Famous Belgian port.
- 14 Fine linen.
- 16 Through.
- 18 Go.
- 19 Shrub.
- 21 Small animal.
- 22 Visual.
- 23 Bracing.
- 25 Diminish.
- 27 Chrysalis.
- 28 Bestow much affection.
- 29 Actual wording.
- 31 Mire.

He uttered these words loud enough for the chatty guard, who was at his heels, to overhear him.

That kind soul very likely thought it his duty to give Cornelius some new information, for, approaching the door of the carriage, whilst the officer, with one foot on the step, was still giving some orders, he whispered to Van Baerle:

"Condemned prisoners have sometimes been taken to their own town, to be made an example of, and they have then been executed before the door of their own house; it's all according to circumstances."

Cornelius thanked him by signs, and then said to himself:

"Well, here is a fellow who never misses giving consolation whenever an opportunity presents itself. In truth, my friend, I'm much obliged to you. Good-bye."

The carriage drove away.

"Ah! you villain, you brigand," roared Gryphus, clenching his fists at the victim who was escaping from his clutches, "is it not a shame that this fellow gets off without having restored my daughter to me?"

"If they take me to Dort," thought Cornelius, "I shall see, in passing my house, whether my poor borders have been much spoiled."

(To be continued)

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

(a) NICE PORK MEAL.

(b) NARROW TITLE.

(Answer in No. 356)

BOY WITH A BOMB

A BOY Scout found a bomb in a field, wrapped it in his rucksack and cycled to the local police station with it on his back.

"I think I've found a bomb," he said, and put it on the table. The girl in the office gave a yell for the inspector and fled.

The inspector refused to have anything to do with it. The Scout was sent to the county police office. Here, too, the police said "Nothing doing," and sent for the military to deal with the bomb.

The Scout County Commissioner has now issued this instruction: "Good turns of this nature should be discouraged. All Scouts should know that the proper procedure is to take the police to the dangerous object, and not the dangerous object to the police."

QUIZ for today

1. A spitz is an appliance for roasting meat, a snake, dog, bird, garden trowel, apron?
2. Who wrote (a) The Soul of the Bishop, (b) The Soul of a Bishop?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Montana, Minnesota, Michigan, Maine, Maryland, Manitoba, Missouri.
4. In what sport is the term "bonspiel" used?
5. Which is larger, a weasel or a stoat?
6. What name is given to the aurora seen in the Antarctic?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Kilderkin, Kneepan, Kinkajou, Kimono, Kaliedoscope, Kidnies, Khedive.
8. What is the colour of (a) a chow's tongue, (b) the worn with evening tail coat, (c) creme de menthe?
9. What is Mumm?
10. What Englishman was known as the King-Maker?
11. On which sleeve does a London policeman wear his armlet?
12. Name four English birds known as warblers.

Answers to Quiz in No. 354

1. Wild horse.
2. (a) John Buchan, (b) R. L. Stevenson.
3. Tosti was a composer; others are operas.
4. Blue and yellow.
5. Bees.
6. "Teddy" Roosevelt gave his name to the Teddy Bear.
7. Divisor, Detention.
8. Italian troops trained for mountain warfare.
9. April Fish ("Poisson d'Avril").
10. Polo.
11. Filipinos.
12. (a) Buns, (b) Pudding, Ham, (c) Ducks, (d) Hot-pot.

Consider what you think justice requires, and decide accordingly. But never give your reasons; for your judgment will probably be right, but your reasons will certainly be wrong.

Earl of Mansfield (1705-1793).

But no one shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it—I write for the general amusement.

Sir Walter Scott.

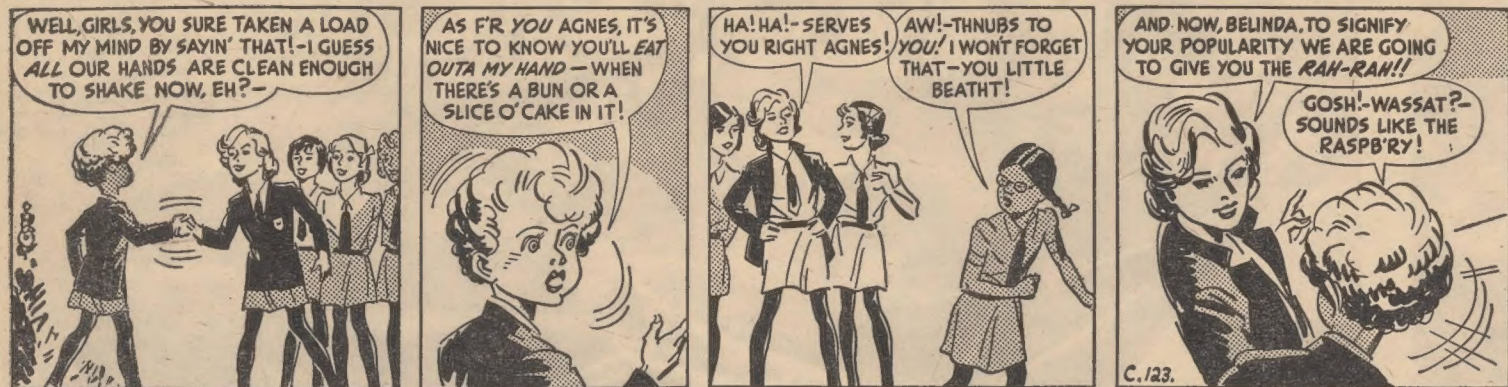
The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

Macaulay.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Beggarman or Prince

By Harold A. Albert

PENDING as an appeal before the Privy Council, supreme judicial authority of the British Empire, is a case stranger than that of the Tichborne Claimant or the Druce Affair. It is a modern fairy story of a prince and a beggar, and at the same time it is probably the most intricate and disputed inheritance case to come before the law courts of any country.

The original hearing took three years. Of 1,500 witnesses originally examined, many are now dead. Ballads about the case were sold in the streets of Calcutta, and pamphlets were written about it.

Twenty-four years ago, a naked beggar, ash-covered and bearded, appeared on the river bank at Dacca, in eastern Bengal. Night and day he squatted, tending a smouldering pile of logs, dependent on alms from the religious and pitying.

Then suddenly someone "recognised" him as the dead second prince of Bhowal, and possible heir to fertile lands with an annual million-rupee revenue.

The news spread like a prairie fire. The Prince Ramendra of Bhowal had been "dead" for eleven years. Strolling down to the river to peep at "the Prince" became almost a habit in Dacca.

Among the curious were not a few members of the Bhowal family.

TALE OF THREE PRINCES.

The story begins many years ago, when there were three rich princes, all of whom shared their father's estate in trust. The first prince died without sons.

The second prince, Ramendra, visited Darjeeling as usual in the early summer of 1909. His wife, Bibhati Devi, his brother-in-law, Gurkha guards, doctor and servants were all in the entourage.



DARJEELING.

They hadn't been in Darjeeling three weeks when Prince Ramendra fell ill, "died," and was apparently "cremated."

Thereby hang the intricacies on which hundreds of lawyers have wrangled.

The mendicant of Dacca made no claim to be the second prince. When he was invited to meet one of the "dead" prince's sisters, he burst into tears, but denied any connection with Bhowal.

The princess had him turned over to her servants and washed clean of ashes, and then vowed that she recognised him.

At this, the beggar, before a gathering of 2,000 people, formally "revealed his identity," and laid claim to one-third share in the Bhowal estate.

By now, the youngest brother had died, and the riches were being managed by court wards on behalf of three widows.

After the prince "revealed" his identity, his own "widow" stoutly denied that he was the prince, and was backed by her sisters-in-law. But the Bhowal tenants insisted on paying their rents to the resurrected "prince," and not to the court wards.

Then one of the sisters-in-law changed her mind and swore that the beggar must be the "prince." But the other sister-in-law was equally sure he was not. The dispute was still on when the ex-beggar's legal claim came up for hearing.

"PRINCE" WITH ONE TALE.

"I was placed on the funeral pyre," he told the court. "Providentially at that moment there was a cloudburst that scattered the funeral party. The rain revived me. My feeble moans were heard by natives sheltering nearby. They took me to a cave and hid me."

They nursed him back to strength, but the restored "prince" had no recollection of his previous existence. He had lost his memory. Only after many years, when he came to Dacca and concentrated his thoughts, was he able to form a complete picture.

After a three years' hearing, judgment was delivered in his favour. Yet his "widow" still refused to recognise him, and appealed to a higher court.

Two judges upheld the decision in favour of the "beggar prince." The third judge dissented. Once again the widow appealed. The final decision is for the Privy Council.

**Good
Morning**

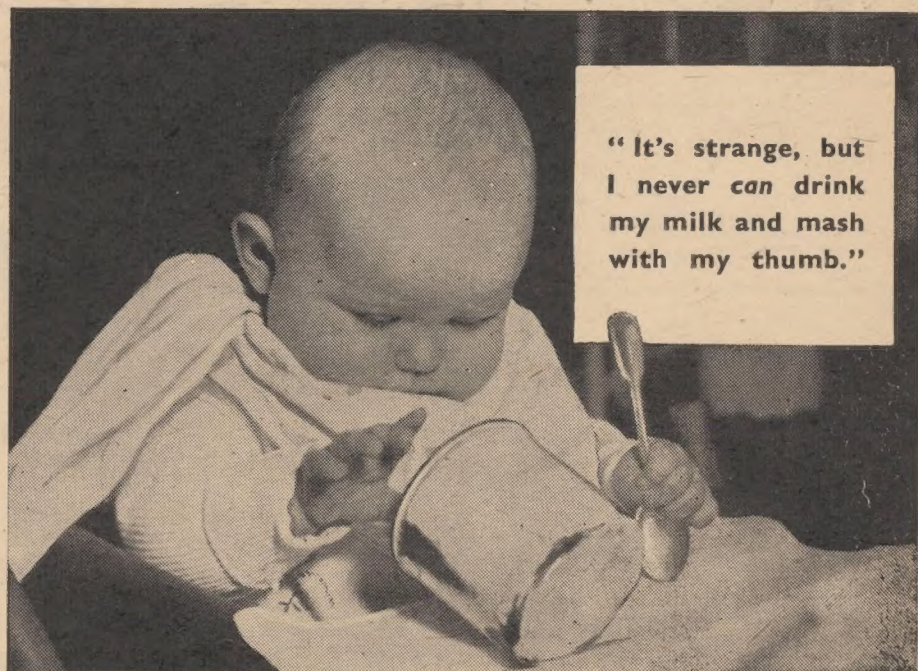
"Well, can't a
kitty-cat
cackle?"



This Scotland In the quaint old Scottish fishing port of St. Monan's, Fifeshire.



Now, this is
the kind of
sunny uplift
we like.



"It's strange, but
I never can drink
my milk and mash
with my thumb."



"And I seem to be all
thumbs, threading needles."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And I'm all
hind-legs."

